

LITERATURE:

A GREAT STORM IS GATHERING, THE SEAS huge, the skies full of anger.

We went to fetch Granny May this morning. Her roof looks as if it might blow off at any time. She didn't want to leave, she didn't want to be a trouble. Mother paid her no heed and we took an arm each and brought her home.

Who did they go fetch?

On nights like this, when I was little, I used to go into Billy's room, climb into his bed and we'd talk till morning. We could pretend we weren't frightened and if we pretended hard enough, then we weren't.

Where did Laura used to go?

LITERATURE:

Where are you, Billy? Where are you? Why did you go and leave me?

Where is Billy?

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